

11621. 6. 12
Down the burn Davie. 27

To which are added,

THE MALTMAN.

Nature's Richest Mine.

PEACE AND PLENTY,

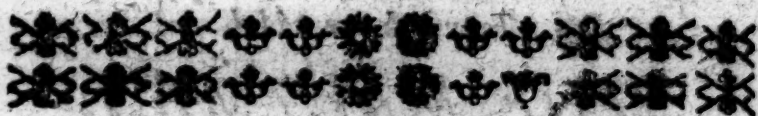
OR,

BRITONS REJOICE!!

and, THE WISH.



Stirling, Printed by M. Randall.



DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud and fields were green,
and broom bloom'd fair to see ;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
and love laugh'd in her ee ;

Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
to speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
and I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
that dwelt on this burn-side,
'And Mary was the bonniest lass,
just fit to be a bride ;

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
her een were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
her lips like dropping dew.

'As down the burn they took their way,
what tender tales they said !
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
and with her bosom play'd ;

Till baith at last impatient grown
to be mair fully blest,

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In yonder vale they lean'd them down,
love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
and naething sure unmeet;
For ganging hame I heard them say,
they lik'd a wa'k sae sweet;

And that they often should return,
such pleasures to renew,
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
and ay shall follow you.

The Maltman.

THE Maltman comes on Monday,
he craves wondrous sair,
Cries, " Dame come gi'e me siller,
" or malt ye sall ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
and gave him some cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a gantree,
as hostler wives should do.

When maltmen come for siller,
and gaugers wi' wands o'er soon,
Wives, tak' them a' down to the cellar,
and clear them as I ha'e done.
Thus bewich, when cunzie is scanty,
will keep them frae making din
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
the snackest o' a' my kin.

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The maltman is right cunning,
but I can be as s.e.e,
An' he may crack o' his winning,
whan he clears scores wi' me;
For come whan he likes, I'm ready,
but if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind Lady,
she'll answer a bill for me.

NATURE'S RICHEST MINE.

PURSUING beauty, men descry,
the distant shore, and long to prove,
(Still richer in variety),
the treasure of the land of love.

We women, like weak indians, stan
inviting, from our golden coast,
The wand'ring rovers to our land;
but she who trades with them is lost

With humble vows they first begin,
stealing, unseen, into the heart:
But by possession settled in,
they quickly act another part.

For beads and babbles we resign,
in ignorance our shining store;
Discover Nature's richest Mine,
and yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
how he can court, or you be won;

5
For love is but discovery,
when that is made the pleasure's done.

PEACE AND PLENTY;

OR,

BRITONS REJOICE.

BE thankful, O ye Britons,
be cheerful, and rejoice,
Long wish'd for blessings now combine,
to gratify their choice.
Meager wants now disappear,
and Plenty takes its place;
And bloody wars, with all its ills,
gives way to smiling peace.

CHORUS.

Rejoice and sing, whilst bells do ring,
and hail that happy day;
That France and Britain did agree,
no more to kill and slay.

Reports of fights and sieges,
no more assails our ears;
No more the Son's disastrous fate,
calls to the Mother's tears
The Sailor's Wife her absent Spouse,
no more in tears of grief will mourn;
And children will no more despair,
their father's safe return.

Chor. Rejoice and sing, &c.

The Maid her absent Lover,
 no longer will deplore;
 Nor 'tis of kill'd and wounded,
 afflict our feelings more,
 All bloody conflicts now will cease
 by land as well as sea;
 No more will French and English fleets
 their bloody flags display
 Chor. Rejoice and sing, &c.

Since Peace once more our Isle doth bliss,
 and war is at an end,
 Let them who have Relations lost,
 rejoice to see a friend.
 Forgetting war's destructive rage,
 let Joy, of Grief take place;
 And Britons all rejoice and sing,
 by this most happy peace.
 Chor. Rejoice and sing,

May a' our Tars and Soldiers,
 for their toils and fears,
 Respected be by all at home,
 and welcom'd from the wars.
 May British Commerce prosperous be,
 may wants ne'er pinch us more;
 GOD save the KING he lives to see
 Peace spread his EMPIRE o'er.

CHORUS.

Rejoice and sing whilst bells do ring,
 and hail that happy day;
 That France and Britain did agree,
 no more to kill and slay.

THE PARTING KISS.

ONE kind kiss before we part,
 drop a tear, and bid adieu.
 Though you sever, my fond heart
 till we meet, shall pant for you,
 Till we meet, till we meet,
 till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, we weep not for my love,
 let me kiss that falling tear,
 Though my body must remove,
 all my soul shall still be here. Tho', &c)

All my soul, and all my heart,
 every wish shall pant for you,
 One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
 drop a tear, and bid adieu. One, &c)

THE WISH:

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 and the meadows their beauty have lost;
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green
 and the streams are fast bound with the frost:
 While the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with cold,]
 as bleak the winds northerly blow:
 When the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold:
 with their fleeces all covered with snow:

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 and send forth their breath like a stream;
 And the neat looking dairy-maid sees the must thaw
 flakes of ice, which she finds in her cream.

When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as the rose
 as the careless trips, often slides
 And the rustics loud laugh, if by falling she shews:
 all the charms that her modesty hides;

When the birds to the barn-door hover for food,
 as with silence they rest on the spray;
 And the poor tired hare in vain seeks the wood,
 lest her footsteps her cause do betray.
 When the lads and the lasses in company join'd,
 in a crowd round the embers are met.
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride in the wind.
 • and of Ghosts, till they're all in a sweat:

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot.
 with the nymph whom I love and admire,
 Whil'st the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire.
 Where in neatness and quiet and free from surprise
 we may live and no hardships endure,
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 but such as each other may cure.

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FINIS.